















THE JUVENILE ARTIST.

FROM

THE GERMAN OF THE REV. C. G. BARTH.

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CHAPTER I.

In a little narrow street, between the church of St. Gereon and the old Roman tower, in the ancient city of Cologne on the Rhine, there formerly stood a cottage which had descended to Gregory Crau, as the whole of his paternal inheritance. Although small and confined, yet it was in tolerably good and habitable condition; but with the exception of a few chairs, a table, a couple of empty chests and boxes, and some kitchen utensils, there was not much to be found in it. But, besides a house to live in, it was necessary to have something to eat, in order to sup-

port life; and, therefore, if Gregory and his Elizabeth, whom he had married a short time before, wished to have something upon the table every day for dinner, there was no alternative but for Gregory to earn what was requisite by manual labour, of which he was by no means fond. Necessity, however, sooner teaches a person to work than to pray; and even Gregory was compelled to look out for some employment.

It happened that a distant relative of his, who had been appointed overlooker of the stone-quarries, near Andernach, offered to provide him with work; and Gregory, who from his youth, had been inclined to ramble, accepted this offer the more readily, because it afforded him an opportunity of satisfying in some degree his wandering propensity. Elizabeth, indeed, was by no means pleased with the idea of parting from her husband for so long a time, or that he should remove to such a distance from her; but all her remonstrances proved ineffectual, and she was compelled to learn how to accommodate herself to her painful situation. It was fortunate for her,

that she knew to whom she ought to apply, in order to receive support and obtain consolation. She had had the happiness of being taught by pious parents, to pray and read the Bible, and the good seed had found in her heart a susceptible soil. The word of God and prayer had become necessary to her, and she could not sleep in peace if she had neglected either the one or the other during the day. The first painful thing which occurred to her after marriage, was to see that her husband held neither the Bible nor prayer in great estimation, which she ought indeed to have ascertained previously. When Gregory resolved to go to Andernach, it pained her to the heart, and a variety of distracting thoughts passed through her mind, at the idea of being left alone at home, without knowing how to subsist, whilst her husband was at such a distance from her, in a place where he was exposed to so many dangers both as regards body and soul; especially on reflecting how much greater the danger was, since he never prayed! Elizabeth, however, strove to expel these anxious thoughts by the hope of being able,

by more earnest and frequent prayer on her part, to obtain the divine protection and aid on behalf of herself and her husband.

Gregory proceeded to Andernach. The stonequarries there yield millstones, and another kind of stone which is soft at first, but hardens when exposed to the air; it is cut out with saws, beaten to powder in mills, and when mixed with lime, forms excellent mortar, which is not soluble by water, and hence is much used in Holland. Gregory had his place appointed him amongst the sawyers, and my young readers may easily imagine that he soon grew tired of this monotonous occupation. But because he received his wages regularly, and could amuse himself in the evening after his work with a company of people like himself, he held out longer than would otherwise have pleased his restless spirit. But alas! there was little more to be learned in this society than folly, cursing, quarrelling, and drinking, and these are not the things to make a man happy.

Meanwhile, Elizabeth continued at home, and ate

her morsel of bread with tears. At first, Gregory sent her from time to time a trifle from his earnings, with which she was just able to make shift to live. But the more deeply he became ensnared in the net of his worthless companions, and the more he gave way to the temptation of spending the rest of his money, the more he forgot his poor wife and his duty towards her. At length he entirely ceased sending her any money, and it was only accidentally that Elizabeth heard he had given himself up to drunkenness and idleness, and that he daily grew worse.

Imagine her grief on hearing such afflictive intelligence! It did not arise so much from there being no hope of receiving any more money from him; for she had some time before found work in a woollen manufactory, and thus was just able to maintain herself; but she grieved the most on account of the salvation of her husband's soul, which was so much endangered by such a mode of life. After some reflection, she resolved upon seeking him out, and making the trial, whether she could not ex-

cite his frozen affections by the display of an ardent and faithful attachment. It certainly required no small degree of resolution for a young woman in ill health to undertake a journey of fifty miles on foot, in order to seek out her worthless husband, who was perhaps not even inclined to receive her in a friendly manner, nor to be touched with such a proof of her affection.

The most convenient mode of travelling, would have been by the post-boat, but she had not money enough to pay for the passage. The first day she arrived, with great difficulty at Remagen, and at a late hour on the second day, at Andernach. She was unable to procure a night's lodging anywhere but at a public house, and even there she was only permitted to remain, in consequence of her urgent entreaties. Whilst sitting in a corner of the room at a little table, eating some soup, which she mingled with her tears, she overheard the conversation of some men who were sitting at a table further on, and soon perceived that they were some of the labourers in the stone-quarries. "What dost thou

think, Valentine," said one to the other, "will Crau like his dark lodgings to-night? He would rather have been sitting with us." The words "dark lodgings," fell upon the poor woman's heart like a thunder-clap. Her appetite had fled. She rose up, tottered towards the table, and exclaimed in a piercing tone, "For mercy's sake, tell me where is my husband!"

The men, who had hitherto not observed her, or taken her for some beggar woman, looked at each other with astonishment, and Valentine said, "Are you the wife of Gregory Crau of Cologne? Do not be alarmed. Your husband has been sentenced to a week's imprisonment, for fighting; and if he were not so over head and ears in debt, I think he would prefer returning with you to Cologne, to sawing stone any longer at Andernach; for he has had enough of that."

"O that God may have mercy upon him and me," cried Elizabeth; "unhappy woman that I am! But tell me, cannot I go to the prison to him and be permitted to speak with him?"

"That depends upon whether the gaoler will grant you the favour or not," replied Valentine.

Elizabeth was obliged to be content with this, and requested the hostess to conduct her to her bed. Her fatigue was enough to have sent her to sleep, but care and sorrow proved far more powerful than weariness, and expelled slumber from her couch. She passed the night in weeping, sighing, and praying; and as soon as morning dawned, she rose from her pillow, which was moistened with her tears, and sought out the prison. There she was obliged to wait a whole hour until the turnkey made his appearance. She then stated her request; but for a long time he would not listen to it. At length, in consequence of her unceasing entreaties, he consented; but only on condition that he might be present at the interview with her husband.

Gregory had also slept little during the first night he had ever spent in prison. A gloomy assemblage of confused ideas disturbed his mind, and it seemed to him as if a reproving form pointed with a fiery finger to several occasions in which he had sinned

and acted contrary to the warning voice of conscience. He tossed restlessly hither and thither upon his wretched pallet in order to rid himself of these tormenting objects; but the dreadful figures always stood before him, and in the back-ground he perceived the almost wholly forgotten form of his Elizabeth, pale, care-worn, and wringing her hands. The key at that moment grated in the lock of his prison-door. Gregory started up, alarmed from his horrifying dreams; it seemed as if the key had been turned in his own heart; a thrilling sensation pervaded every limb, when behold, Elizabeth presented herself! He hastily rose to meet her; but suddenly he seemed to reflect, and shrunk back, as if unworthy to approach her. She then fell on his neck, and began to pour out her ardent complaints, and to melt his heart with expressions of the most tender and forgiving affection. "Let me go," cried Gregory, "I cannot bear it; I am not worthy of your love; I am a worthless fellow, and do not deserve that the sun should shine upon me, and therefore I am in my right place in this gloomy dungeon."

But Elizabeth whose tears now flowed in torrents, exclaimed, "No, no; I will never leave you, until you promise to return to me, and stay with me, and become another man."

"O Elizabeth," said Gregory with a sigh, "if you knew how glad I should be to go back with you to Cologne! But it cannot be; and it would be too much for your troubled heart, were I to tell you why."

"I know it all," replied Elizabeth, who was become a little more tranquil, whilst the turnkey continued to wipe his eyes; "I know it all; you mean because of your debts. But is there no means of paying them? Let us think!"

Gregory said, "I know of none."

"What do they amount to?" asked Elizabeth.

"Fifty dollars," replied the former.

"But can we find no one," rejoined she; "to advance us fifty or sixty dollars, if we offered our little house as security for it? If you will work diligently as a day-labourer, and I spin, night and day, we could, with the Lord's help, pay off this debt in the course of a few years."

"Ah, how gladly would I work, if I were once again at liberty!" said Gregory. Elizabeth consoled him, and said, "Leave that to me; God will send help!"

The good woman then took a tender leave of her faithless husband, and went with fresh courage, and many heartfelt prayers, directly out of the town, to begin her long and tedious journey home. The crew of a vessel proceeding to Düsseldorf, whom she met with on the way at an Inn, took pity on her, and took her with them to Cologne; for which alleviation of the fatigue of her journey, she returned heartfelt thanks to God.

Scarcely had Elizabeth reached home, than she went to a merchant, who she knew was friendly to the poor, and frankly explained her circumstances to him. She entreated the loan of sixty dollars, that she might pay her husband's debts at Andernach, and retain something for the expences of her approaching confinement, at the same time offering her little habitation as security.

The merchant, who perceived the poor woman's

honesty, made no difficulty, and sent off the fifty dollars the same day to the magistrate of Andernach. Gregory arrived just before the birth of a son, who died, however, on the third day. This grieved him much; but Elizabeth was the sooner consoled, since the chief cause of her sorrow was now removed, and her husband was at home again.

The worthy merchant, who had extricated the poor people from their distressing situation, was also willing to be of further service to them, and gave Gregory employment in his house as a daylabourer. How did his good wife rejoice on hearing this! For a time, all went well. Gregory had tasted the bitterness of the fruits of sin, and as long as this bitter taste remained, he had no desire to renew it; nor had he any objections, when the pious Elizabeth read to him from the Bible, or poured out her heart before God in his presence. However, he showed no desire to read and pray himself, and certainly, often fell asleep during reading and prayer; and would even be occasionally vexed, when Elizabeth kindly warned him against

his coldness and indifference. "What do I do that is wrong?" said he at such times, "I keep close to my work, I do not go to the alchouse, I spend nothing; and yet you are always finding fault with me. Where is the good of so much reading and praying?"

What think you, my dear young friends, of Gregory's state? I am afraid on his account. He who finds the word of God tedious, and prayer a burden, is in a dangerous situation, however regularly he may otherwise conduct himself. I will therefore tell you at once, since it must soon become evident, that Gregory's amendment was not thorough and complete; for he had only humbled himself before men, but not before God; and hence it almost necessarily followed that he again transgressed. Ah, how many circuitous paths do numbers of people take, before they find true peace! Just as if some little boy in London, who wished to go to Hyde-Park were to pass by the post-office, instead of going straight forwards, then turn to the left into Smithfield, and lose himself in Clerkenwell, and wander about until he came to the Foundling

Hospital! O, seek the direct road, and if you are ignorant of it, take the map, on which it is pointed out! But do you know which map I mean?

The impression made upon Gregory's soul by the remembrance of the painful events at Andernach, which he had drawn down upon himself by his irregularities, gradually became weaker, whilst his desire for amusement and his roving disposition awoke with renewed strength. So sure it is, that even an innocent inclination, when not set bounds to according to the will and commands of God, may lead an individual into indescribable misery; for so it happened to Gregory. Standing once upon the bridge which leads to Deutz, and seeing a vessel sailing down the Rhine, he was seized with an almost irresistible desire to sail away also into the wide world, and to see what lay beyond the far mountains. He did not long resist this inclination, after it had once awoke in him in its full force; nor could he have done so; for where there is but one will, who shall restrain it? And in order that there may be a good will to resist the evil one, a man must have been already converted to God. Gregory silently made the necessary preparations, and then declared in plain terms to his master that he was completely tired of his occupation, and was resolved in future to follow a seafaring life.

Every remonstrance, however well meant and well founded, was of no avail. Gregory had engaged himself as a sailor on board a vessel, which regularly sailed with merchandize to Holland. He tried to console his Elizabeth with the idea that the passage was not dangerous, and that he should always return home and remain a short time with her. But this was not sufficient to dry her tears, for she saw deeper into his heart, and clearly perceived that it was merely his fondness for diversion and the lawless, irregular life of a sailor, which had induced him to take this resolution. But she was compelled to yield to it, and thought within herself, "I have still to learn how to be silent, and suffer, and pray."

Gregory set sail; Elizabeth accompanied him with her prayers, and waited with painful anxiety for the return of the vessel. How was she rejoiced

one evening, whilst sitting in her solitary little room, and singing the lines—

"He is ne'er in want of ways, And has always means enough," &c.

when the door opened, and Gregory entered with a cheerful countenance; "Look, I have brought you something," exclaimed he on seeing her, "in order to show you that mine is no beggarly occupation." It consisted of some articles of clothing, which Gregory had bought in Holland. However, it was not these that caused Elizabeth joy; but the friendly aspect of her husband, with whom she so much wished to live in peace.

He continued two days with her, and then set sail again. By degrees she accustomed herself to the seeing him only a few days in the summer, and hoped that when the winter came, and the navigation of the river closed, he would remain at home, and resume his occupation at the merchant's, which was still left open for him. But her expectations were grievously disappointed. Gregory was as well

pleased with the occasionally idle life of a sailor, that he lost all desire for more arduous employment; so that when winter came, he sought the company of other sailors; spent the time with them in idleness and in the alchouse, and in a short time had expended the little money that was left him. When he had nothing more he worked a few days, in order to earn a trifle, which he again squandered away as before, and thus the whole winter was spent in labouring and revelling by turns. He seldom brought home any money for his wife, and she was obliged to maintain herself and him by spinning wool, until late at night. If she affectionately remonstrated with him, he felt it indeed at the moment; but because he had not sufficient resolution to renounce his sinful course, he avoided her company as much as possible, in order not to be pained by her tender remonstrances, which, because they were so, proved the more cutting.

Thus the evil continually grew worse. Elizabeth suffered deeply and painfully, and was almost worn out with sorrow, for she did not possess a single confidential friend to whom she might have disclosed her grief, and who could have consoled her under it. There was only One who listened to her; only One to whom she could reveal all her trouble; and that was He to whom she prayed, and who continually afforded her fresh supplies of courage and strength to persevere under her heavy burden.

In this manner, some years passed away. During the summer, Gregory was on the Rhine; the winter he spent in idleness and revelry. Yet still, with him, Elizabeth preferred the winter to the summer.

CHAPTER II.

MEANWHILE, Elizabeth had become the mother of two children, who cheered and occupied many an hour. Her affection, which Gregory had so coldly repelled, had now an object towards which it could display itself without reserve, and which could return it. Occasionally, indeed, anxious thoughts arose in her mind, respecting her own and her children's fate, if her husband should continue thus to plunge himself deeper into the world and sin, and neglect his family; but she encouraged herself again by the promises of God, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;" "The father of the fatherless, and the judge of the widow;" "Shall not God avenge all those who cry day and night unto him?" &c. Be content with his providential arrangements, Elizabeth! thou wilt find it requisite to do so; painful seasons are approaching. Amongst the hymns she was wont to sing, in order to cheer her spirits, was the following:—

From deep humiliation's vale,
A song of praise shall rise;
To Him whose mercies never fail,
To Him who rules the skies.

Dark is that vale, but Faith's bright eye
Its gloom shall penetrate,
Whilst promise shows the blessings nigh,
For which my soul doth wait.

Delayed hope, and anxious fear
Had deeply pain'd my heart;
He soft dispels the gathering tear,
And bids my fears depart.

His word engages every good

To those who seek his face.

Why should I then despair of food,

Or why mistrust his grace?

If but his love delights my soul,
And soothes my troubled breast,
In vain shall future evils scowl,
Or present break my rest.

Gregory felt happy at first, at the birth of his children, but domestic life had no longer any charms for him; and he was better pleased to be in the new market at Cologne, or in the fish-market at Rotterdam, than in the narrow room with his Elizabeth, and his restless spirit soon drove him again from home. All at once the report was spread, when the vessel returned from Holland, that Gregory Crau had not returned with it, but had gone to sea. No one took the trouble to communicate this dreadful intelligence to his poor wife in a cautious manner; she heard it accidentally, as one neighbour was telling it to another, and she almost fainted away. The measure of her grief was now full,-her husband was gone,-his debt was unpaid,-and all their little stock was consumed! Whilst she was alone, she had been able barely to maintain herself by the labour of her hands; but now she had also two children, who required to be fed, and who at the same time rendered it impossible for her to work as much as before. What was she now to do? you will think,what was now to comfort her? She had not far to

seek it, and needed only to open her Bible, and read Matt. vi. 25-34; and even this was not requisite in the present instance. She had just heard her neighbour say through the open window, that Gregory Crau was gone to sea, when overcome with grief and alarm, she sank upon a chair by the fire, -her knees tottered, a cold perspiration covered her forehead, whilst a whole host of cares pressed upon her, which she could only resist by profound and heart-felt cries to God. She had just divided the last morsel of bread between her two children, the crumbs of which were still lying on the table near the window; when all at once a sparrow made its appearance, hopped a few times up and down, as if to ascertain whether all was safe in the room, and then tripped up and down the table to pick up the little fragments. "Only think," said Elizabeth to herself, "although I am so poor, yet I have still something left for others; and shall God, who is so rich, have nothing left for me and my children? Are we not better than many sparrows?" and filled with cheerful confidence in God who is so rich and

gracious, she threw herself upon her knees, and poured out her full heart before him.

Nor was her faith put to shame. By the intervention of the benevolent merchant, who had already on a former occasion relieved her in her distress, she received occasional assistance, which, with the produce of her labour, was sufficient to provide her and her children with the requisite food and clothing. She daily prayed for her poor lost Gregory, and her chief care was to bring up her children in the fear of God. At that time the charity-school was not in existence, which during the last ten years, has afforded instruction to so many poor children; and Elizabeth was therefore compelled to instruct her children herself, an employment which she willingly undertook. Her whole library consisted of a Bible, a hymn-book, and an old prayer-book; but these were sufficient to teach her children to read, and when they had once learned to do so, they afforded subjects for instruction, edification, and entertainment.

Justus and Anna, for so the two children were

called, took great pleasure in reading, and because they had nothing else to read, they always read in the Bible, and in this manner became intimately acquainted with it. Attending no school, nor associating with any one, they had no other ideas of the world, than they derived from the Bible. They gave Scriptural names to every thing; the Rhine they called "the Jordan;" the seven hills, "Mount Gilboa." Amongst the many vineyards in the neighbourhood of the city, they once sought for "Naboth's vineyard." Anna even asked a Jew in the street, "why the Jews had crucified the Saviour?" and Justus was much alarmed lest his father, like Jonah, should be swallowed up by a whale. They had seen a stone crucifix standing in an open space, and from that time always called the place, "Calvary;" and because a man of the name of Paul, lived in Salt Street, they called it "Straight Street," although it is crooked enough. Near the river dwelt a tanner, and Simon the tanner, who dwelt by the sea-side, immediately occurred to them; nay, they could not comprehend why the man was not called Simon. Once, after seeing some clergymen of high rank coming out of the cathedral in their robes, they related at home, that they had seen the High-Priest, and the Scribes; and a man, who was showing a camel about the streets, was immediately taken by them for Eliezer, the servant of Abraham. They naturally became wiser as they grew older; but they retained the predilection for the Holy Land, and for everything that reminded them of the narratives of Scripture; of Calvary, they always spoke with deep veneration, and I have still some verses which they sometimes sung together respecting it. They are as follow:—

Essay the theme whose glorious lays Shall echo through eternity; Whilst rapture fires the lips that praise, The Lamb that died on Calvary.

Behold Him sweating drops of blood,
Where midnight veils Gethsemane,
The prelude of that crimson flood,
Which stained the hill of Calvary.

The curse of countless sins he bore, In all its fiercest agony; And, weltering in his purple gore, Hung crucified on Calvary.

The sun his beams in darkness veil'd,

Amazed that awful sight to see:

The groaning earth the scene bewail'd,

And trembling, quaked round Calvary.

'Tis finish'd! cried the Conqueror;
Whilst angels shouted, "Victory!"
And on their wings triumphant bore
To heaven, their Lord from Calvary.

There seated on the Almighty's throne,
And clad in light and majesty,
He rules the universe alone,
Who once expired on Calvary.

Before his face, in silent awe,

The brightest seraphs bend the knee;

And countless myriads bowing low,

Adore the Lamb of Calvary.

Then with united voice they pour
Through heaven the rapturous melody;
Loud as the sound of Ocean's roar,
The song of love and Calvary.

- "Thy love unbounded, Saviour, thine,
 From death and hell hath set us free!
 Thy love, Almighty, all divine,
 Repealed the curse on Calvary.
- "Thy love has raised us to the skies,

 To dwell for ever more with thee;

 For ever shall our praises rise,

 For ever sing of Calvary.
- "To Thee be endless glory given,
 Who wast, and art, and ever shalt be!
 Adored by all in earth and heaven,
 The conqueror of Calvary!"

CHAPTER III.

Justus was about six years old, when he saw his mother writing a letter to her sister, who had been married a short time before, to a mechanic in Neuwied. She had heard that her sister was ill, and wished, therefore, to learn the particulars. After sealing the letter, she carried it to the post, and the children meanwhile remained at home. The following day, Justus inquired more than once, after the health of the invalid. His mother answered, "I do not know how she is; but I shall hear the day after to-morrow." The day came, the postman knocked at the door, and brought a letter which cost threepence. After Elizabeth had read it, she said to the boy, that her sister was better. This gratified him much, and he immediately related it to his sister Anna on her coming home.

Soon after, little Justus began to amuse himself with writing on a slate. He wrote very strange letters, which no one could understand beside himself, but which caused him great joy. Some one now made him a present of a pencil, and a little book of white paper, for him to write and draw upon. O what pleasure did this afford him! Many of my young friends may also probably remember the time, when they made their first attempts at writing and drawing. I still very well recollect how I tried many years ago, for the first time, to draw upon a slate. I intended to make a man, but when his head was finished, I immediately put arms and legs to it, and the poor man had no body. This looked very strange, as you may easily imagine, and reminds one how a slave-dealer in America, probably regards his slaves, as having merely hands and feet to labour, but no stomach that requires to be fed. There are certainly also people, who live as if they had merely a mouth and a stomach for the purpose of eating, but were destitute of hands and feet to labour.

Justus now thought that he would write a letter to his father, and ask him to come home again soon. He begged a sheet of paper and a wafer of his mother, who gave him both, and he then wrote very diligently the whole evening. A few days after, one of Gregory's former comrades came to visit them. "Now Justus," said Elizabeth to the boy, "where is your letter? Neighbour Janson will take it with him and forward it." But Justus said, "It is already gone; I took it the very next day to the post." "You should not have done that," replied his mother, "it will cost more than it is worth." On further reflection, she was astonished how the little boy could reach up so far, as to put the letter into the letter-box. Besides, she could not remember to have seen him in the street; she therefore, made minute inquiries, but could not ascertain where he had left the letter. As often as the postman passed the house, Justus asked him, if he had a letter for him? for he always thought that an answer would arrive from his father; but none came.

One day, when Justus was taking a walk with his mother and sister, he said, "I will now show you the

post where I left my letter." He then conducted his mother to an old wooden post, in a dark little street, which had been rendered rather hollow at the top by the rain. In this hollow, the boy had deposited his letter. His mother was obliged to laugh at the mistake he had made; as they went on, Justus asked his mother, whether she believed his letter had reached his father?

MOTHER. No, my child, certainly not; for who was there to take it to him?

Justus. I don't know; but when you put your letter in the post, you knew that it would arrive safe; and knew also, how long it would be, before an answer would be received.

MOTHER. Certainly; but the post-office is something very different to the old post you showed me. It is a house, where the letters are left, and from whence they are forwarded to every part of the world. The mail-coaches then come, and take the letters to all the places where the people live to whom they are addressed. You see now, what a fine thing it is to be able to write. On half a sheet

of paper, we may tell our distant friend everything as clearly as if we were speaking to him. And what a convenient thing the post-office establishment is, by means of which for a few pence, a letter can be forwarded a hundred miles with such rapidity and safety. How troublesome it would be, and what a loss of money and time, if every one were obliged to carry his letters himself, or to send a messenger with them every time!

Justus. Yes, I shall be glad when I have once learned to write so well that others can read it. I will take great pains to learn, and when I again write a letter, I will take care to put it into the right post. I now see why my letter was lost, because I left it at a place, where there was no one to forward it.

MOTHER. Very right, Justus. But I will now tell you something else, which is of more importance than letters or posts.

Justus. What is that mother?

MOTHER. Every day, I am obliged to bring a number of wishes and requests to a place, to which no post goes, and you also. Do you know what I mean? Justus. You mean prayer to God.

MOTHER. Yes, my child. We every day require food and clothing and many other things from the goodness of God; for he it is, who causes all things to grow for our use. He grants us health and strength to labour, and gives you little children friends, who take care of you. We must be seech Him for all these things, as well as for the forgiveness of sins, and the aid of His Holy Spirit.

Justus. Mother, I pray to God.

MOTHER. And do you think your prayers are heard?

Justus. I do not know, Mother; do you believe they are?

MOTHER. If we pray in a proper manner, we shall certainly be heard; for God has promised it.

JUSTUS. How are we to pray in a proper manner?

MOTHER. You know how your letter was lost.

You laid it upon an old dead post, which could not possibly send it farther. But mine safely reached its destination, because I had left it where persons came to receive it; and carry it farther. Now, there

are some foolish people, who act when they pray, just as you did with your letter. They apply to a dead piece of wood or stone, which though it may be carved into a form, and painted, and ornamented, can neither hear nor see anything, and is neither able to move nor to help. Of what use are such prayers? But he who wishes to pray in a proper manner, must pray to the living God, who hears, sees, and is able to do all things, and with whom the Lord Jesus Christ has made us acquainted. We cannot see Him indeed; not however, because He is at such a distance from us,-but just because He is so near us; for since He is everywhere, He must be invisible. We are not so far from our gracious Father, as from here to Neuwied; and though we pray, "Our Father which art in Heaven," it does not mean that He is not on earth at the same time. But on earth we only see His power; in heaven His glory is also seen. For how could we pray, "Give us our daily bread," if He were only in heaven? In that case He would be obliged to let it

fall from heaven; but as it is, He causes it to grow out of the earth.

Justus. Does God then hear all that we say?

MOTHER. Certainly; always remember that He is near us everywhere, and hence we can pray to Him at home in our closets, and need not always go to church, when we wish to pray. When I wish to inform a person of something, who lives far from here, I am obliged to write a letter, and then go to the post-office, and put it into the letter-box; but if I have something to say to neighbour Peter opposite, it would be strange if I were to write a letter, and carry it to the post. Do you now understand what is meant by praying in a proper manner?

Justus. Not quite.

MOTHER. Well then; when I take a letter to the post, I have a threefold reason to hope that it will reach its address. For first, I have carried it to the proper place, where I know that there are people, who will expedite it farther. And then I know that hundreds and thousands of letters arrive safely by

this means; and lastly, I have myself received answers in this way to my letters, and therefore, know that they have reached the party to whom I wished to send them. Thus it is also with prayer. When I pray to the living God in my closet, I know that my prayer will be heard, for God has commanded me thus to pray in His word, and has promised to hear such prayers. But I know also of hundreds and thousands in every age, who have prayed thus, and been heard. I have read of many in the Bible, and have myself known many. My father and mother have experienced it. Nor is that all; I have myself often prayed to God in my distress, and He has heard and helped me.

JUSTUS. Mother, you said just now, that God had commanded you to pray in this manner; is there anything of the kind in the Bible?

MOTHER. Not exactly so; but what is said in the Bible, is addressed to me, and you, and every one, When he says, "Ask, and it shall he given you," no names are mentioned; but all are meant. Justus and Peter, John and Elizabeth. Justus. But does everyone pray?

MOTHER. No, my child! thousands alas! live without God in the world, and neither pray to Him, nor thank him.

Justus. Does God give such people food and clothing also?

MOTHER. Yes, my child; he is kind even to the unthankful and the evil.

JUSTUS But mother, will their sins be forgiven them?

MOTHER. No, Justus. God gives spiritual blessings only to those, who know how to value them, and who therefore ask for them. A few days ago, you saw the unhappy man who was taken to prison, because he had deserved death. Now if some one had told him, that the king would spare his life, if he earnestly intreated him to do so,—do you think he would forget to ask him?

Justus. Certainly not.

MOTHER. But do you suppose the king would pardon him, if he would not even confess his guilt, and beg for his life?

Justus. No certainly not.

MOTHER. Thus it is also, that God cannot forgive sinners, if they will not confess their guilt and cry from their very hearts, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Never forget that!



CHAPTER IV.

You will certainly be glad to hear more of the two children, Justus and Anna. Be it so! You shall even make a little excursion with them.

Elizabeth, as you already know, had a sister in Neuwied. The latter had often wished to see her and her children at her house. But the difficulty of obtaining money for the expenses of such a journey had hitherto always prevented it. But now it happened, that the kind hearted merchant, to whom Elizabeth was so much indebted, was on the point of sending off a vessel with merchandize to Neuwied, and permitted Elizabeth with her children to take their passage in it.

You should have seen the joy of these poor children, when their mother told them this news. It

was such, that they could scarcely close their eyes all the night before their departure; for up to that time they had never been far beyond the walls of the city of Cologne.

They sailed up the majestic stream, and were never satisfied with contemplating its delightful banks, and whenever a town or village was visible on the shore, they were continually inquiring if it were Tiberias, or Capernaum, or if John had baptized there? For they were ignorant of any other places than those of which they had read in the Bible, and of all the rivers, Jordan was always the first.

At length they arrived at Neuwied. This friendly town, with its regular streets and pretty houses, pleased them much better than old gloomy Cologne, with its crooked and narrow lanes, and if they had seen a temple and a mount of Olives, they might casily have thought they were already in Jerusalem. The house in which Elizabeth's sister lived, was soon found. Her husband was a glover, who supported himself honestly but scantily with his labour. The

good people were very glad of the visit, and did all that their poverty permitted them, in order to cheer the much-tried Elizabeth and her children. This was easily accomplished with regard to the latter; for it seemed to them almost as if they were in heaven; and their mother was glad to be once more with those who understood her, and with whom she could converse upon the experience of the heart; for both of them were pious, and feared God.

The next day, there was a fair at Neuweid, in which there were many fine things for the two children to see. They would have been glad indeed to have bought several things; but poor Juften the glover, had nothing to spare; which perhaps, never pained him so much as on this occasion, when he would so gladly have afforded the poor children a pleasure. However, he bought them a coloured engraving, representing the city of Jerusalem, which highly delighted Justus and Anna, although it only cost a few half-pence.

In the course of the afternoon, a Missionary, who had only a short time before arrived from the East

Indies, called upon Mr. Juften, who was an old acquaintance of his, and spent the evening with the family, to the great joy of the children, whose admiration was excited to the utmost at the wonderful things which he related. He first described the long and tedious voyage of upwards of four months with another Missionary, before they reached their destination - the storms they encountered, - their dangerous situation, when near the equator, from thunder-storms and calms,—the excessive heat they had for several weeks to sustain,-and the great variety of sea-fowl and fish of every size, which they saw, from the delicate little flying-fish, to the ravenous shark, one of which the sailors caught and killed.

At length they arrived in safety at their destination, and found themselves amongst a people who practised the grossest idolatry. Upon a huge wooden car sat a horrible idol, which the half-naked Hindoos worship and adore instead of the living God. A number of men drew this car forwards, that its wheels might pass over the poor deluded creatures who threw themselves before them, in order

to be crushed to pieces, in honour of their God. In another place they saw a man lying on a wooden bedstead, filled with nails, with their points upwards which entered into his flesh; and they were told that he had lain thus for many years. The Missionary then described the cruel practice of burning the widows alive on the death of their husbands, and the many tortures to which the poor people subjected themselves, in order to appease and propitiate their senseless Deities. All these horrible things however cease, where the Bible is disseminated, and the word of God is preached. They then cast their idols to the moles and the bats, and become acquainted with Him, whose name is above every name.

During the narrative of the Missionary, the two children had listened with the greatest attention to everything he said; but what he related was so new to them, that they found it difficult to form a correct idea of it. All night long they dreamed of what they had heard, and were able afterwards to relate much of it, although they understood very little of it.

The time allotted for their stay at Neuwied passed rapidly away, and the two children might easily have been induced to remain there for a longer period. But Juften had found an opportunity, by which Elizabeth and her two children could proceed by water in a single day to Cologne. Parting was painful to them, and they no longer felt satisfied in their poor little confined cottage. The remembrance, however, of the many fine things they had seen and heard, which they related for a long time after, rendered it easier for them to habituate themselves to their former poor and quiet mode of life. It had also been promised them, that at some future time they might probably renew their visit to Neuwied.

When Justus and Anna had attained their eighth year, they were obliged to help to spin cotton, because Elizabeth was not able to earn so much as they needed, in consequence of having to attend to her domestic affairs. To this the children willingly assented, for they were not only very fond of their mother, but they had also been told that Jesus in his youthful years had assisted his foster-father

Joseph in his work. Certain hours were appointed for labour, and by a prudent intervention of recreation, wearisomeness and disgust were avoided. As long as their mother was in the kitchen, or engaged in some other part of the house, the children were obliged to spin; but when she came in to spin herself, they were permitted to read or write, and in the evenings they had always some hours at liberty, which Justus usually devoted to drawing. He had a natural talent for this art, and although everything that he drew, was not designed according to rule and pattern, but according to the ideas he had treasured up in his recollection; yet it was soon perceived, that something might be made of him in that department. To speak more correctly, I ought to say, that it was some time before his talent was perceived; for his mother understood nothing of it, and no one else took any trouble about the boy. At length the worthy merchant of whom we have frequently spoken, accidentally ascertained that Justus could draw so prettily. The occasion of it was as follows:

Justus had been sent by his mother, on an errand

to the merchant; but the latter being particularly engaged at the time, the boy was obliged to wait a whole hour in the warehouse. Justus was unaccustomed to be idle; he therefore, sought for something to amuse him, since there was no employment for him. He found a piece of French chalk lying upon a table. In order to pass the time, he sketched a figure with his chalk upon the old dark partition, and the person he had in view was no other than the merchant himself. Scarcely had he finished, when the latter entered, and to his great astonishment, perceived his own figure on the wall, which he recognized at first sight.

"Who has been here?" said he, to the terrified boy, to whom it only now occured that he had made use of the merchant's chalk and wall without permission.

"There has been no one here," replied Justus.

"Who then has drawn this figure?" said the Merchant.

Justus replied that he had done it.

The merchant now sent for all his people, and





asked them whether they knew the figure on the wall.

"Certainly! that is you!" was the unanimous reply.

"But you shall now give me a proof that it was you who drew this figure," said the merchant to Justus. "Draw me my old footman Sebastian there, beside me."

Justus looked earnestly at him a few times, and then drew such a perfect resemblance of him upon the wall, that they all joyfully exclaimed, "It is he! It is he! It is just as if it were Sebastian himself."

"That will do," said the merchant, and then sent the boy home.

The next day, he sent for Elizabeth, and spoke to her respecting Justus. "You have a boy," said he, "who has a rare talent for drawing, and it is possible to make an able painter of him. But he must now have instruction given him; it is just the right time."

Elizabeth replied, "I would gladly do so Sir, but I have no money to procure a master for him.

Besides this, it is an old saying, that art goes a begging; and my child may come to this without learning to draw. I should prefer his learning some suitable trade, which may afterwards support him, and preserve him from beggary. Do not take it amiss of me, Mr. Nenn, but that is my opinion."

"You do not understand it," replied Mr. Nenn, "your boy shall become a painter; God has not given him these talents to no purpose! and I will provide him with a teacher, and bear the expense myself."

So saying, he turned about, and left her standing on the spot. She did not venture to contradict him, and returned home.

Mr. Nenn kept his promise. A week had scarcely elapsed, when he sent for Justus, and said to him, "I have found a master for you, who will give you two hours' instruction every day in drawing. Be diligent and attentive, and behave well; I shall not then repent of what I may expend upon you."

Justus promised all that was required of him, and secretly rejoiced in anticipation of the time, when he

should be able to cause pleasure to his mother, whom he dearly loved, by his labours, and lessen her domestic anxieties. He commenced his new occupation with all zeal, and when the lessons were over, he took some of his master's drawings home with him, and employed himself during the rest of the time in copying them. By this means, he made such a proficiency, that in the course of a year, he was able correctly and expertly to copy every picture which was laid before him. His master then instructed him how to copy from nature; and he attempted the art in all its branches,-he was able to draw flowers, buildings, landscapes, animals, and human figures; but the latter the best of all. Hence Mr. Nenn, by the advice of the drawing-master, resolved to have him brought up as an historical painter.

Fortunately, there was an individual in Cologne, to whom Justus could be apprenticed. He was an able painter, who by industry and reflection, had made great progress in the art; but his poverty had prevented him from travelling, and extending his

knowledge of it by contemplating the works of the principal masters. He had seen nothing except the paintings in Cologne and its immediate vicinity, particularly the gallery at Düsseldorf. He had certainly endeavoured most sedulously to avail himself of every advantage, and would doubtless have been able to have produced larger pictures, which would have pleased even connoisseurs, had not his poverty prevented it. From youthful thoughtlessness, he had married early, and had a wife and children to provide for, and thus sufficient time was not left him to attempt a large picture, by which he might have acquired a name, and have obtained orders for works, which would have well repaid him; for he was obliged to labour for the daily support of his family, and with all his efforts had nothing to spare. He painted family portraits, native tablets, and the like; but as he could not find in his heart to paint in a hasty and inferior manner like the common herd,he was never so well paid as he deserved, although many of his customers expressed their satisfaction at his performances. His wife often upbraided him for

it, and said, "There you sit for a whole week together, and work till you are almost bent double, and let your palette almost grow to your hand; and when the week is at an end, you have earned nothing more than a couple of miserable dollars. Why do you not act like others? They take only half the time for their work, and are just as well paid as you." The painter then was wont to turn about on his seat, strike the floor with his painter's rod, and say, "Be silent my dear, you know that I cannot listen to you. Before I would make a mere trade of my profession, I would rather live upon bread and water. Though compelled to swallow down vexation at the people's want of taste, like a camel drinks water, shall I deprive myself of my only consolation, that of painting to please myself, and of seeking gratification in my labour? We are not in want of the necessaries of life, and we have never been accustomed to more." The woman still continued to mutter awhile to herself, but was at length obliged to be satisfied. This was the master, of whom Justus was to learn the art of painting. His name was Fidelis Herman, and one of his pictures hangs in my study.

Mr. Nenn had been heard to say, that he felt inclined, if Justus made good progress and succeeded well, to send him at some future time, at his own expence to Rome in order to perfect himself in the art. What was the result will be seen in the sequel.

When Justus came to Mr. Herman, he was welcomed in a singular manner. "You wish to become a painter," said the latter to him, "but do you know what it is to be a painter without any property? Have you duly reflected upon the matter? You will paint many a face with full and ruddy cheeks, when your own will be pale and thin; you will use many a pound of oil for your colours, but your own head will lack ointment; you may perhaps, even attain fame and celebrity; but your barns will continue empty."

Justus, to whom this speech came very unexpected, did not, however, lose his presence of mind, but replied, "I trust in God, who will give me what is needful."

"That is very true," replied Mr. Herman, but nevertheless, you ought to consider, whether it is advisable to take up a profession, which exposes you to poverty and starvation; for the clothes you paint will not make you warm; and though you may have enough to do, yet you may not have enough to eat. Bethink yourself, whether you would not rather be a miller than a painter; you will then at least have sufficient food, and for pastime, you might draw the sacks of flour. I give you a week's time to reflect."

Thus saying, Mr. Herman turned about and continued his labour. But Justus, after a short pause, took leave, and went home with a heavy heart. He there gave full vent to his tears, and was for some time unable to inform his anxious mother respecting the cause of his grief. At length, after he had recovered himself, he told her the whole of the conversation which had passed between him and the painter. Elizabeth did not let it be perceived how deeply she felt it inwardly, and said very composedly, "But tell me Justus, have you not said something false to the man?" "In what respect," enquired Justus. "Did you not tell him," rejoined Elizabeth,

that you placed your confidence in God, and are vet so unconsolable?" "Certainly, mother," answered Justus, "I did say so, and I believe that I was in earnest. Nor am I grieved in the least, at having the prospect of providing myself merely with what is necessary, for I am accustomed to this from my childhood; but because I am so soon deprived of the hope, of being able to support you in future with my earnings; it is this which makes me sad. I had pleased myself so much with the idea of being able to make it unnecessary for you to work so hard, but now-" Tears again interrupted him; but Elizabeth said with much emotion, "Be comforted, my son! God, according to his promise has hitherto suffered me to want nothing. He will continue to extend his hand to me in future, as the judge of the widow, and the father of the fatherless, and I do not wish to be without labour. It is more beneficial than idleness, and it is ordered of God that we should eat our bread in the sweat of our brow, until we return to the earth, from whence we were taken,"

CHAPTER V.

Justus often prayed to God during the week, before he went again to Mr. Herman, and besought him to guide him in the way in which he ought to go, and if it were His will that he should become a painter, to strengthen him and enable him to overcome the difficulties which were to be surmounted.

When the time had expired, he went first to Mr. Nenn, and told him what had occurred. Mr. Nenn was astonished, for he knew nothing of it, and thought that Justus was already hard at work; he then asked him what he had resolved upon, and whether he had still courage to persevere?

"I have taken fresh courage," answered Justus, "and think that God has not given me the desire and ability to become a painter, and hitherto afforded me opportunity for it, to no purpose; and that if he pleases, he can as easily make me an affluent painter as a poor one."

"You are in the right," rejoined Mr. Nenn, "this is just my view of the subject; continue as you have begun."

Justus now went with fresh courage to his new master, who thought highly of him, for not suffering himself to be discouraged, and promised to make something of him. "You shall yet be a Giotto," said Mr. Herman. Do you understand me?"

"No," replied Justus.

"Well then; above five hundred years ago, there was an eminent painter in Italy, of the name of Cimabue. One day he went out to walk in the fields, and fell in with a peasant's boy, who was tending his sheep. To pass the time, the boy amused himself with drawing his sheep on the sand with his staff. Cimabue drew near to look at his performance, and was perfectly astonished at the correctness and minuteness of the drawing. He immediately foresaw that the shepherd's boy would be-

come a great painter, took him with him, and gave him instruction. This shepherd's boy was the celebrated painter Giotto. If ever you go to Rome, and have the happiness to see the many works of art which I have never seen, look also at the beautiful vessel of St. Peter, over the principal entrance to the great St. Peter's Church; it was drawn by Giotto, who was formerly a shepherd's boy."

Such was the narrative told by Mr. Herman, and Justus was all attention. He would gladly have set out for Rome the next day, if it had depended upon him. But he had still much to learn. Mr. Herman procured him many books, that besides painting, he might also study geography, history, and mathematics, which are indispensable for a complete artist, and even the time when Justus was occupied in grinding colours, his master did not suffer to pass without taking advantage of it. He then related in an entertaining manner, the history of painting, and made him acquainted with the names of the most eminent painters, and their most celebrated performances. At first, Justus was unable duly to combine attention to these attractive narratives with the continuation of his labour, and frequently stood for minutes together with the colour in his hand, and his eyes intently fixed upon his master; but he gradually accustomed himself to work with his hands, and listen at the same time with his ears. I am sure my young friends would also have listened with pleasure, when Mr. Herman related of Apelles, who painted the horse of King Alexander, and who, because he could not succeed in drawing the foam on his mouth, so as to satisfy himself, at length took up the sponge, with which he had several times wiped off the foam he had drawn, and threw it angrily against the picture; thus giving up all for lost. When lo! the spunge had hit just upon the horse's mouth, and left an impression behind it which so perfectly resembled froth, that every one was astonished at the ability of the painter, who was nevertheless as innocent of it, as Berthold of the invention of gunpowder. Or when he told of Zeuxis and Parrhasius, one of whom painted a bunch of grapes, and the other a curtain. Or when he related of





Luke, the Evangelist, who, according to ancient tradition, was a painter, and therefore was able to cure the people whom he painted, since according to Scripture, he was at the same time a physician.

Mr. Nenn, who happened to be present at the time, observed, that every true Evangelist ought in this respect to imitate the Evangelist Luke. He ought to be a painter, that he might be able correctly to pourtray the form of the human heart, human life, heaven and hell; but he ought also to be a physician, to be able to heal the diseases of those that are spiritually sick.

Justus, however, thought that God alone could heal the diseases of the soul.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Nenn, "for it is not the physician who heals the diseases of the body, but the Lord."

You would also have listened with pleasure when Mr. Herman related anecdotes of subsequent painters, of the great Raphael, the amiable Correggio, of Titian whose colours are so rich, or of the German Masters; such as Albert Durer, who was tormented

by a bad-tempered wife, Luke Cranach, and Hans Holbein. Much was said of the latter, and if you will only be attentive, I will let you hear a little of it. But you must act as if you were not present, lest you disturb Mr. Herman in his tale.

"From his childhood up, Hans Holbein showed great talents for painting, but soon manifested an inclination to a dissolute life. His paintings are celebrated. His wooden cuts show the hand of a master; but still he preferred spending his time at the tavern, and the wine-glass to the palette. No sooner had he finished a picture, and received the money for it, than instead of going home, he went straight to his merry companions at the tavern, and there remained till his money was expended, and he was obliged to return to his employment. A number of anecdotes are told of him, for the truth of which I cannot pledge myself; but they are at least not at variance with that which is known to be true. One evening, he met at the tavern with a locksmith, who was an expert mechanic, and both began to boast of their art, until at length they laid a wager, which of them, in the space of half-a-year, could furnish the most ingenious piece of art, and resolved that the Magistrates of Bâsle should decide the point. I do not remember how much the wager was; probably only a cask of wine. During this time, Holbein received an order for a picture, and when it was finished, he went his wonted way to the tavern, in order to spend the money he had earned, with his jovial companions. He entirely forgot the wager he had laid with the locksmith, and did not make even the smallest preparations in order to furnish something suitable for the occasion. Meanwhile, the locksmith laboured most diligently, and produced a piece of mechanism, which he thought could not possibly be excelled, and that Holbein must be a conjuror, if he could furnish anything superior to it. The half year elapsed, the day appointed arrived, the worshipful Magistrates assembled in the Senate-house, and a great multitude of people waited with eagerness to ascertain which of the artists would overcome the other. The locksmith had prepared a little dog made of iron, which ran from the Senate-house over

the whole market-place, and back again, and barked on the way. The astonishment at this piece of ingenuity was great and universal, and every one felt convinced beforehand, that Holbein had lost the wager. "But where is he?" was the cry; "he has not even made his appearance." The people wished him to be sent for; "O said some of the bystanders, send only to the Strasburg-hotel; he will be found there at his bottle, for he has money in his purse." There they found him, and he was quite surprized on being told that all were waiting for him at the Senate-house. However, he did not object to appear, and on being asked by the Magistrates what he had to show, without being in the least discomposed, he took up a piece of chalk, which happened to be lying there, drew with one sweep of the hand a circle upon a table, and made a point in the centre with equal rapidity; then threw down the chalk, and said, "Now take the compasses and measure." They did so, and the circle was found so complete that it could not have been drawn more correctly with the compasses. The smith himself was the first to declare that Holbein was a greater artist than he; the Magistrates were of the same opinion, and Holbein gained the wager.

Often, when his money was all expended, he agreed to paint figures on the outside of the houses of gentlemen in Bâsle, as was customary at that time, and of which there are still traces in some of the ancient towns in Germany, in order to earn a few gilders, and thus be able to carouse for a short time longer. Once he contracted with a tradesman to paint some figures on the front of his house, between the second and third stories. The lofty scaffolding, on which Holbein had to sit, was prepared, and he had been a day at work, when his rage for liquor awoke in all its force, and he became tired of painting. He requested his employer to pay him beforehand, because he had some debts to liquidate. The tradesman who knew of his dissolute habits, was rather suspicious; but felt unable to refuse him, and gave him the money; he thought, however, within himself, that he would take care that the rogue should not escape him. The next day, he frequently

left his shop and looked up at his house to see whether the painter was still at work; however he always saw him sitting there, or at least his feet, which hung down below the scaffolding. At length it appeared strange to him that the man never moved from his place, and continued always sitting on the same spot. He therefore went up stairs into the room above, and looked out of the window, but no Holbein was to be seen. He had immediately repaired to the tavern to spend the money he had received, in drink; but had painted his feet on the wall, in order that when the tradesman looked up, he might not doubt that he was at his work. The latter naturally sent for the artful painter, who was now compelled to finish his performance.

It was not long before an English nobleman arrived at Bâsle, who had heard of the celebrated Holbein, and made him a proposition to proceed to London, to paint the interior of his house, until he returned from his journey to Greece. He promised him an ample salary, gave him a considerable sum for his travelling expenses, and his address which he

was to inquire for, on reaching London. Holbein accepted the invitation, and promised to set off immediately. But no sooner was the nobleman gone. than Holbein again resorted to the tavern, forgot both England and the English nobleman, and did not rest until the last farthing of the money which had been given him for his travelling expenses, was consumed. He then sold the few articles of furniture, &c., which he possessed, and the produce of them just sufficed to enable him to reach Holland. On arriving at Rotterdam, he had nothing left. There resided at that time in Rotterdam the celebrated Dutch painter Luke van Leyden. Holbein went to him and asked him if he was in want of a person to grind his colours. Van Leyden inquired his name. Holbein gave him a fictitious one; and Van Leyden was willing to make a trial of him. Holbein placed himself at the stone, and rubbed the colours upon it, as if he had all his life done nothing else. Van Leyden began to place confidence in him, and when obliged, after a fortnight had elapsed, to set out on a journey, he left his painting-room in

his charge until his return. He had just finished a large and valuable painting, which represented a burgomaster, or some other great man in Rotterdam. He hung a cloth over it, and said to his colourgrinder, "take particular care of this picture, that it be not injured; I hold you responsible for it." Holbein promised to do so to his satisfaction; but, on the second day after Van Leyden's departure, he sat down and painted a fly on the cheek of the senator, or what he was. He then closed the room, went on board a vessel, and sailed for London. When Van Leyden returned home from his journey, he was alarmed on missing his colour-grinder; and the first thing he did was to look at his painting to see if it had sustained any injury. He lifted up the cloth, and saw a fly upon it. He drew out his handkerchief, in order to drive it away; but still it remained. He struck at it again, but without effect. Van Leyden then looked at it more closely, and saw that it was a painted fly. Astonished, he dropped the curtain, and exclaimed, "Either Holbein or the

devil must have done this!" For he knew very well, that there was no one amongst his contemporaries, except Holbein, who was able to paint a fly so exactly to the life, that even such an eminent artist as himself was deceived by it.

Holbein arrived safely in London; but he had lost the nobleman's address, and had forgotten his name. How was he to find him out in such a great city! He entered a house, where he had heard that many persons of rank were assembled, and inquired the name of the nobleman, who had sent for him to London. To make it appear who he meant, he took a coal from the fire, and rapidly drew a figure on the wall. All present immediately exclaimed, "O, that is Lord S-!" The house was pointed out to him, and he was occupied there for a time; but the King of England soon appointed him his painter, and in this capacity he died in London, in the year 1554. Well, how does this man please you?"

JUSTUS. Not particularly. As an artist he is great, but as a man he is little; and I think it is of

more importance to be a virtuous man and a christian, than a great artist.

HERMAN. I believe you are in the right.

Mr. Herman took a real pleasure in the industrious and attentive youth, and gave himself all possible pains to forward him in the art. Occasionally on a holyday, he took him with him to the various churches in the city, where beautiful paintings were to be seen, in order to improve him. The large painting by Reubens in St. Peter's Church, representing the crucifixion of the Apostle Peter, was frequently visited; and as often as Justus passed by the house which stood near, where Reubens had resided, he looked up at it with a degree of veneration. The infant Luvrain in the altar-piece in the chair of the Cathedral particularly pleased him, but the Virgin Mary not so much as that in the Church of St. Gereon. Justus generally returned from these walks with a sorrowful feeling, because he thought he should never make such proficiency as to be able to produce anything so excellent, and when his master endeavoured to console and cheer him, he thought in himself, "What avails your consolation! your own example destroys it. Even if I advance as far as you have done, I am still only a poor wretch, and never dare venture to think of painting a large picture, such as my heart desires."

He had long before sketched in idea, the outlines of a large picture, and even drawn it upon paper; but whether he ever painted the picture itself I am ignorant. It was to represent the moment when Godfrey of Bouillon, during the crusade, arrives at the summit of a hill from whence he sees Jerusalem. for the first time. Godfrey and an attendant were to be placed in the foreground, with the complete expression of their sensations at the long wished for sight. The summits of some hills were to occupy the foreground to the right, between which the sun was seen setting in the sea, far in the West; farther to the left a town and a sea-port with the vessels of the crusaders; on an eminence in the distance, Jerusalem was to present itself with its crescents glittering in the rays of the departing sun; and occasional glimpses of the hills and valleys of Judea. But Justus does not seem to have known, that there is no point from whence Jerusalem and the Mediterranean sea, can be seen at the same time. But that he really supposed that the contrary was the case, is evident from the sketch he drew, which still exists amongst my papers. His predilection for the East, and especially for all the countries and places mentioned in the New Testament, had neither vanished nor diminished.

Mr. Herman, however, was of different sentiments. Italian scenery, was, in his idea, superior to everything, and the history of Germany, but especially that of the Imperial house of Hohen Stanfen had the greatest charms for him.

CHAPTER VI.

WE shall presently see how good a thing it was that Justus and his mother and sister were able to pray. How much they would otherwise have suffered in the distress which now came upon them! My dear young friends will scarcely be pleased that affliction again befalls this family; they would have been better satisfied if everything had now gone on smoothly, and Mr. Justus had become a wealthy and affluent man, and had sent a carriage to bring his mother and his sister to him. But is not a drink of water relished the most, after being previously very thirsty; and is it not certain, that even the darkest paths of the children of God, have at length a door which leads to light? Be unconcerned therefore! the present affliction will also have an end.

Mr. Nenn, to whom Elizabeth was still indebted the sixty dollars, died suddenly of an apoplectic fit. The premium for Justus had been paid beforehand, but the sixty dollars were now demanded; for Mr. Nenn had left no children behind him, and his hardhearted heirs were only pleased when they received money, but made a gloomy face when such was not the case. Unfortunately, there was no will found amongst the papers of the deceased, and no trace of any written declaration, that he would bestow the sixty dollars upon the poor widow, although he had probably intended to do so. She was, therefore, left at the mercy of the unfeeling heirs, which was the more painful and oppressive, because Mr. Nenn, who was well satisfied with Justus, had occasionally dropped a hint, that he intended to adopt Justus as his child,-an expression which had also come to the knowledge of the heirs, and had embittered them against Elizabeth and her family, to the utmost degree, although she herself was entirely innocent. They resolved that she should now suffer for it, and therefore gave her notice that if the sixty dollars

were not paid within a fortnight, her little habitation, which she had given as security, should be sold.

What was now to be done? She knew not where to find another Mr. Nenn, who would be equally compassionate, and again lend her sixty dollars. Should she let her house be sold? Where should she then reside with her children? Justus had not yet made such progress as to be able to earn anything; her daughter and herself, it is true, could by spinning gain sufficient for their maintenance; but not enough to pay for rent beside. Their entreaties being in vain, they tried what prayer would do. God is not so hard-hearted as men, and has even commanded us to come to him, and receive of him, and cast all our care upon him.

Do you know any one in your neighbourhood who tells every one he meets, that whenever they are in want of money, firing, fruit, medicine, or good advice,—if they will only come to him, they may have everything, and that for nought? Do you know any one in your neighbourhood, who speaks thus to the

people? Such characters are indeed rare. But God says so to mankind, and yet they will not come to him. Only think, if some rich man dwelt in this kingdom, and made it known in the newspapers, that every one who was in want of anything, be it what it might, should come to him and receive it gratuitously; and that he would only first examine, whether they really needed it,-if there were such a man in this kingdom, I say - what think you? Would not the people flock to him in crowds? Would not his court be filled day and night with those who requested something of him ?- and yet they will not come to God, who has nevertheless made it known by the Bible, that we can obtain from him what we need. Why do they not come to him? Why do they not pray? Is it because he does not keep his word? O no! a thousand instances prove the contrary. Or have his riches melted away in the course of time? Certainly not; he is the Creator and can renew them as often as he pleases. What is the reason, therefore, that they do not apply to him? Reflect upon the subject yourselves.

Elizabeth however came to him. She daily prayed in the most earnest manner with her two children, to God; and gradually felt eased at heart in the hope that he would send help at the proper time.

In this hope we will leave the destitute family for a time, and inquire what became of Gregory Crau, that we may hear his adventures, and learn whether he is still alive. You know that he became a sailor, and went to sea. He was on board a Dutch vessel, bound for Batavia; at first, indeed, it seemed to him that the ocean was much broader than the Rhine, and that its waves were larger; and when during boisterous weather he was sent to clue up the topsails, he frequently thought that a sailor's life on board a Rhenish vessel was much more convenient; but he gradually accustomed himself to a sea-faring life, so that he even felt comfortable during a storm when everything is in the confusion described in the following lines :-

The tempest howls,
The lightnings flash,
The vessel rolls,
The billows dash;
Iron quivers,
Timber shivers,
The sails do crack,
The men look black.
But the face of God so bright
Shines in unbeclouded light.

Happy would it havé been for Gregory, if the last lines had been applicable to him; but alas! the face of God was hidden from him. For if he was still deficient in ferocity, brutality, and impiety, he found ample opportunity for learning it amongst the reprobate crew. He soon became one of the most dissolute of them, probably because he was still occasionally disturbed by the voice of conscience, and the remembrance of his family, whom he had so faithlessly forsaken, and therefore endeavoured by plunging so much the deeper into excess, to suppress and drown these troublesome recollections. But because he was obedient to the regulations of the ship, and

was one of the boldest and most daring of the crew, he became a favourite of the Captain, and when they landed at Batavia, the latter made him his servant.

The Captain, who had resigned the command of his ship, proceeded from Java to Bengal, and Gregory was permitted to accompany him as his servant. He was astonished, in that country, to see himself surrounded by an entirely different world of plants and animals; for about the people he did not trouble himself much, because he was unable to converse with them. From his youth up, he had always been fond of vegetable productions, for he had been several years placed as an apprentice with a gardener. He there saw the splendid rhododendrons, which are indigenous throughout India, and which expand themselves into large shrubs, breathing their costly perfume out of white, red, and brown clusters of flowers. There stood also the Babools, which fill the air with balsamic odours from their golden calices; and Jessamine and many other flowers, which stupify the European by their powerful scent. In the gardens, he saw whole ranges of sensitive plants,

which are so susceptible, that if only a single leaf be touched, the leaves of a whole bed immediately shrink up, and some hours must elapse ere they recover from their fright. Amongst other things, he saw a wonderful plant such as he had never met with before. It was a tree, which bore flowers as our crimson peonies, which bloom in May. These flowers, when they expand in the morning, are of the most beautiful white, they then become reddish, and gradually pass through every shade of red, until on the approach of evening they become of a dark crimson colour, and fall off as the night advances. The next day other flowers appear, which go through the same process, and thus it continues every day as long as the time of flowering lasts. The same changes take place with the flowers, when placed in a vessel of water; and the Hindoos as well as the Europeans who live and amuse themselves for hours together in observing how these flowers, from the first breath of the morning dawn, become of an increasingly deeper colour. It is to be regretted that Gregory did not ask the name of this flowering tree; for then I could have told it you.

Gregory also saw something more there, which I must mention to you. Around these flowers which stand firm on their stalks, it seemed just as if other flowers were flying, which had no stalk, but a pair of wings instead, and looked like living flowers. You already guess to what I am alluding, I mean butterflies of the most various hues, and I am sure that any of you would give up his whole collection for half-a-dozen of these beautiful airy flowers. It is as if every different kind of plant had its peculiar visitors, which resorted to it alone; and as if the butterflies were divided into guilds, each of which had its own tavern, shop, and magazine, -some resorting to the golden rose, others to the green tree, and others to the vine. For you must know that butterflies also wish to drink, when entering a flower, and their liquor must be of a sweetish taste. Yonder is a shrub covered with a cloud of azure-blue winged ones, whilst its neighbours are the rendezvous of amber-vellow or scarlet butterflies. Enormous winged locusts whose whole body seems set with emeralds in a manner not to be excelled by the most

able goldsmith; glittering beetles which seem covered with cuirasses of amethyst or topaz, and others which look like pieces of crimson coloured velvet, sparkle and glitter in countless multitudes far and wide. These beauteous objects, it is true, delighted Gregory very much; but still he was destitute of real enjoyment, for if we cannot look up with composure to heaven, we have never the true enjoyment of the beauties of earth; and he whose conscience is not at ease, is dissatisfied in the midst of pleasure.

The Captain who could not bear the climate of India, fell sick and died. He bequeathed so much in his will to his servant Gregory as enabled him to return to Europe, and become a ship owner in England, on a small scale. For he had grown so passionately fond of a sea-faring life, that he could not leave it off. What he gained, he spent at the tavern, as he had done before; and in this manner he lived for a series of years, without much reflecting either on his family or on God. But God thought of him. O how great is his long suffering, in seeking

out even those, who say by their conduct and in their hearts, "Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways!" Gregory had suffered himself to be persuaded on one occasion to attend Church, where he had never been for a long time. The preacher spoke so seriously and impressively of the perilous situation of those sinners who do not seek the forgiveness of their sins, and who abuse the long suffering of God, that Gregory felt alarmed. He imagined that the clergyman had learned that he was in the Church; and he afterwards called upon him at his own house, and inquired how it was that he became so minutely acquainted with his circumstances? The clergyman smiled, and said, "Friend, I have never seen nor heard of you before; but it seems to me, as if you stood in need of good advice, and I will therefore give it you. Take this book, giving him a Bible, and read it, and do me and yourself the pleasure to bend your knee only once before God, and pray to him."

Gregory took the Bible, went home and began to read it. Everything again occurred to him, which his pious Elizabeth had formerly read to him in their little parlour; recollection awoke in a lively manner in his soul, and powerfully affected him. One tear followed another, and at length a whole flood. He prostrated himself before God, wept, cried, and prayed until he found peace; a whole week elapsed before his heart became tranguil. He then went to the clergyman, and thanked him with tears for the precious book he had given him, and which pointed out to him the way of life. He valued it above everything, and I believe that if a hundred dollars had been offered him for it, he would not have parted with it, although he knew that he could purchase another for two.

But now it was immediately clear to him, that there was nothing so incumbent upon him as to hasten to his wife and children, entreat their forgiveness for his unfaithfulness, and tell them how graciously God had showed mercy to him. He had a small sum of money by him, and in order not to return home empty handed, he wished to make a short voyage, then dispose of his vessel, and the little he





possessed, and immediately afterwards set out on his way home. He was desirous of fetching a cargo of fuller's earth from a place in Kent, and set sail from his place of residence, with a man and a boy, whom he employed as labourers.

But how wonderful are the ways of God! Gregory's boat was driven by unfavorable weather on a sand-bank, where it sprang a leak, and filled so rapidly with water, that its little crew, in order to save their lives, were obliged to cling to the mast. Several things which were in the boat, were washed away by the violence of the waves, and Gregory had scarcely time to save his little pocket-bible, which was also on the point of swimming away, and put it into his bosom. An hour later, and the ebbing tide would have left the boat dry, but it went to pieces, and they were unable to save it. They therefore, leaped upon the sand-bank, which was however, full ten miles from the shore; and because they knew that the tide would soon return, they knelt down and prayed that they might be seen by some ship coming near them. On this they all clung again to the mast for ten hours together; the boy's strength then forsook him, and he sank down into the sea. When it was again low water, Gregory said to his companion, "The best thing we can do is to take down the mast, and when the next flood comes, place ourselves upon it, and let ourselves drift in confidence in God, until we are seen by some vessel."

At ten o'clock in the night, the tide returned and floated them. In the course of the night the man died, overcome by hunger and exertion; but Gregory still struggled with the waves, strengthened himself in the Lord his God, by means of his newly acquired faith, and endeavoured by every means in his power to keep himself awake.

At length on Friday evening at six o'clock, he was seen by a vessel proceeding from Lee to Antwerp, which was driven out of its course by contrary winds. The sailors took it at a distance for a post in the water, which some fishermen had probably fixed there, in order to mark the place, where they had left their lines, and requested the captain to let them

catch some fish. But he ordered the helmsman to keep his course, and tried to satisfy the crew by saying, "You will only disturb the fishermen, and perhaps catch nothing for yourselves." But the steersman, who from his elevated position was able to see more minutely, observed, that it appeared to him like a man: they told him however, to keep his course, it was only a post.

As during this conversation, the vessel approached nearer to him, Gregory began to derive hope; but when it was about to turn from him again, his distress afforded him strength enough to take off his cap and swing it about as high as possible over his head. This occasioned the steersman to express his opinion still more dicidedly, and as the rest of the crew soon agreed with him, the vessel was directed towards Gregory, and took him up.

You may think with what feelings he saw the ship approaching, and how heartily he thanked God for his deliverance. The prospect of yet seeing his dear Elizabeth and his children completely overcame him.

CHAPTER VII.

The distress of poor Elizabeth continued as great as before; for there was still no prospect of her being able to procure the sixty dollars,—but her mind had become more tranquil, and her hope more firm.

Just about this time, some gentlemen in Cologne were occupied in collecting old paintings of the German masters in Cologne and its vicinity, which were often found in places where they were the least expected. After ascertaining that such valuable relics of ancient German art were found concealed—some in village churches, and others in private houses, often amongst old lumber on the upper-floor,—they commenced a minute investigation, which was crowned with abundant success, and furnished them with a collection of excellent paintings, which

have subsequently been the admiration of every amateur. I have seen them, and perhaps also some of my readers. Sometimes a picture was found, which was quite disfigured and rendered uncognizable by dirt, and smoke, and dust; but after being well cleaned, the old and beautiful figure appeared again in the light in all their brilliancy. Occasionally also, a corpulent grandpapa of more recent times, with his large wig, had been painted upon the ground of an excellent painting by some old German master, and it accidentally became apparent what valuable figures he covered with his broad coatlaps.

Mr. Herman who admirably understood how to clean old pictures, had had several of them under his hands, and freed them from their dirty covering. In this employment Justus had assisted him, and thus had an opportunity afforded him of learning the process itself. At this period, when the distress of his mother was so great, he reflected for a long time, whither he could not contribute something towards delivering her from it. Suddenly it occured

to him that ----, but before he could form any clear idea of it, he ran hastily out of the house, so that Mr. Herman could not comprehend what was the matter with him. He ran with such rapidity, and joy flushed his cheeks in such a manner, that he was quite in a heat, and trembled with agitation. He never stopped till he reached home, and at three strides he had ascended the little stairs which led to a small room which was situate in the back part of the house, and usually stood empty. There was a large opening for a window in it, which was however, unglazed, and was generally closed by a shutter, which opened inwards. This shutter consisted of a wooden frame, covered with wax-cloth, but which was entirely envelopped in dust and dirt. Justus hastily lifted the window-shutter from its hinges, turned it about, with the inner side towards the light, and tried to find out whether there were no traces of a picture to be perceived. It seemed to him as if something of the kind was visible through the thick crust of impurity which covered it; however, he could not be perfectly sure. But no sooner had he applied a sponge dipped in warm water to it, than he was convinced that he had an old picture before him. You should have seen with what eagerness he now brought together everything that was necessary to clean it completely, and how joyfully he called out to his mother, "O mother rejoice! we shall now be delivered!"

His mother could not comprehend how delivrance was to come from an old window shutter, but quietly awaited the result. But with what rapture did Justus behold first one part and then another, of a splendidly beautiful picture come forth from the obscurity of the dusty covering, and how was he astonished when he saw at the foot of the picture, the characteristic marks of the great master, Rebens, with which he was the best acquainted of all. It was in reality one of Ruben's finest master-pieces, and only a handsome frame was wanting to render it worthy of being placed at the side of any other.

Justus had laid by a little money in order to assist his mother with at least a small contribution to the sum, which she had to raise. He thought he could not employ this money better, than in the purchase of a large gilded frame, for the picture. He then hung a cloth over it, and carried it to his master, to whom he had not hitherto said a word of his discovery. How great was his astonishment! "Boy, where did you find this treasure?" asked he in utter amazement. And when Justus related how he had made the discovery, Mr. Herman exclaimed, "I tell you, my lad, that you are a lucky fellow!"

I am glad to be able to say, that Mr. Herman did not feel envious at his good fortune; or at least did not suffer it to be perceived. On the contrary, he promised to take care that the picture should be sold for its full value. Fortunately, an English gentleman was just at that time in Cologne, who was buying up valuable old paintings, and heard the next day, of the beautiful picture which had been lately found. On seeing it, it pleased him so well, that he immediately resolved to posses it at any price. Mr. Herman demanded three hundred pounds for it, which is equivalent to eighteen hundred dollars; and you will not be surprised that a beautiful picture can fetch so much, when I tell you, that some years ago, I saw a picture of Raphael's, for which ten times that sum was demanded.

But what did Elizabeth say, when such a large sum of money was all at once brought home to her? Her astonishment vented itself in a flood of tears, and her tears were succeeded by an ardent thanksgiving prayer, in which Justus and Anna most heartily joined.

The debt was now paid; a handsome present was made to Mr. Herman, and all anxiety respecting debts and their future maintenance were removed by the gracious interposition of Providence.

Only three days more had elapsed, when Gregory arrived at Cologne from Antwerp. I will say nothing of the astonishment and joy on both sides, and leave it to my young readers to decide, which of these good people had the greatest cause for rejoicing.

I have heard nothing more of this family, and only hope that their hearts continued to be filled with gratitude, and that they did not forget their faithful deliverer. If you should ever meet with a painter of the name of Justus Crau, ask him about the window-shutter, and if he then says, "by Rubens!" believe that it is the same Justus, of whom you have now been reading, and salute him kindly from me.







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